

SEVEN
Love-Letters,
FROM A
NUN
TO A
CAVALIER.

One of the
Most *Passionate Pieces*, that, possibly,
ever has been Extant.

*Nil dulcius est istoc amare aut ama-
ri, præter hoc ipsum amare & amari.*

*Non satis amat, qui non, plusculum
quàm possit, amore fungitur.*

Amoris Elegies, p. 6. & 96.

LONDON,
Printed for C. Brasse, at the Gun
in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1693.

SEVEN

Love-Letters,

FROM



CAROLINE

One of the

Most Excellent and Learned
Countess of Essex

Will be the first of the
series of the
New Latin edition of the
works of
Amos 1616, 4. 8. 20.

LONDON

Printed for C. Brown, at the
in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1653.

Advertisement.

THE Translation of the First Portuguese Love-Letters did give so great a Satisfaction to the Publick, that it was an extreme Invitation to a Person of Quality to make the world a Present of some New Ones, which casually fell into his hands. The former have been so generously received by Persons of Highest Sense and Understanding, that it has justly struck him into an apprehension, of exposing these to your view: but considering that they come from a Woman in the World, whose style is very different from that of a Cloistered NUN, He imagined the Novelty, and particular spiritualness of it might be pleasing enough.

Advertisement.

been a great advance to the Credit
and Reputation of it, beyond what
it is likely to get from such an Infe-
riour hand as Mine: I am sure I
had no Ambition to stand in equal
Ballance with him from the Attempt;
but should think it highly sufficient
for Me, were I to have the Honour
of being accounted a true and hum-
ble Imitator of so great a Man.

Farewel.

A 3

THE

A PROTESTANT

and a great evidence to the Church
of England of it, beyond what
is to be seen from any other
source. I am sure I
had no objection to stand in regard
to the matter in the Church,
but should think it highly sufficient
for me, were I to have the honor
of being admitted a member and

THOMAS

THE

13

THE FIRST
LETTER.

SURE it hath been a great untruth I have heard : for, methinks, it should be impossible for You to be so much as one moment angry with me ; and especially , after those many kind and indeasing expressions You have made me. What ! Can my Loving You with the most tender, soft, and melting Passion in the world, such as never yet was known in Woman, give you any discomposure, or so much as raise in You a melancholy thought ! Oh ! what dreadful things should I feel within me, were I but capable of the least.

A 4

The First Letter.

least Infidelity to You, that are my Joy, my Life, my All! --- If You can charge me with any thing, it is with an Excess of Affection for You; That, I confess, I am guilty of, which makes me that I cannot as yet forgive your anger. But why should that occasion any remorse? have I not had reason enough to complain? I dare say, Your own Passion would make You be offended with me, if I were able, without a murmur, to see You forgetful of your former kindnesses. Just Heavens! How am I continually reproaching my self, because this silly heart has not power enough to discover to You, as it ought, its strong and vigorous impulses, when I find You so resolved to conceal from me the secret heats and throbbings of your own.

If at any time my Regards are too languishing, they seem to serve then only to feed my tenderness,
and,

and, like merellest Thieves, to rob me of my greatest delights, my highest Transports and Ecstasies; if, on the other hand, they are too quick and sprightly, how does my former languishing check me, and make me the same reproach! And let me do what ever I can, or will, I am still uneasy to my self, and can find no quiet. I have all the extravagant actions of a crazed woman, and do believe, if you keep but the least trifle reserved from me, that I can never chide you enough for it. Ah! Such a cruel Act has been even hell and torments to me; and I am sure, could You but have seen the infinite distracting thoughts that then have come into my head, I should, at the least, have made you pity me.

But this is the sad effect of an o'refond Curiosity, and I ought to suffer for my folly. What have I to do with mysteries, and things

The First Letter.

that are foreign to me? Why should I be so foolishly desirous to search into the bottom of a heart, where, perhaps, I might find nothing but a cold indifference, nay, and it may be too, Infidelity? Or who knows but it may be some particular point of Honour which may cause this Reserve in You, and therefore You may think I am extremely obliged to You for it into the Bargain. But (alas!) I fear you believe, it would quite break my heart, should I fully understand how small and poor an esteem you have for me, and that is the reason why you are resolv'd to dissemble your real thoughts from me, in meer pity and compassion to my frailty. — Cruel, Dear man! Why were You not as merciful when we first began our acquaintance, and why did you not then shew your self in your own true colours, and appear the same person You do now? A thousand

The First Letter.

sand to one but my heart at that time would have taken the same measures with Yours, and we should neither of us have cause now for any complaint. But You were resolved not to discover how faint and hollow your passion was for me, until you were sure I loved You even to the next degree of running mad for you.

But however, I perceive it is not your natural temper that makes you so reserved: You could fly out yesternight, I found so to my cost. But, ah! You can only be touched with the transports of anger, and your passion, if it be not violent and injurious, dwindles straight into insensibility. Ungrateful Creature! of what a strange kind of ill composition has Love made you: why may not that ill-natur'd disposition of yours be correspondent to the extravagance of mine? and why must not these precipitous ways you take
tend

6 *The First Letter.*

tend to the furtherance and improvement of the blessed moments of our Felicity? If any did but see how furious and hasty you are to get out of my Chamber, when the madness of your Passion drives you, who would say it were possible for you to be slow and backward in coming in again, when Love gives you the pleasurable invitation? But, I must confess, I do deserve this Usage at your hands, for my presuming to prescribe to you the Methods you ought to take; as if I were as wise as you. Is it fit for any one to offer to give You Laws, who have their thoughts and hearts continually poring on You, as I have Mine? Certainly no, but I cannot help it;— however excuse me and take your own course:— yet, is not this a great instance of the highest tenderness? no, it is all wild and inconsiderate folly, and you have done very well in so severely punishing

The First Letter

Wishing me for it: For what have I to do to think of being Mistress of any of your motions? Alas! I could blush to death with shame for what I have already done; but you do perfectly understand how such a kind of crime ought to be retaliated.

Do you remember any thing of yesternights carriage, how mild and calm your temper was, when you offered me your service to assist me, that I might never more see eyes on You so long as I lived; and were you able to tender me such an ungenerous remedy, or (to speak more properly) could you fancy that I had so little kindness for you, as to accept it? For it would a great deal sooner break my heart, Loving you, as I do, near to desperation, to see my self though falsely, but suspected of a crime, than if I saw you in deliberation actually commit one; for I am infinitely more jealous of

my

my own passion, than I am of yours, and I could ten thousand times more easily pardon an Infidelity in you, than I could forgive my self the possibility of being lyable to fall under the suspicion of it my self. Yes, if I am but satisfied of my own Integrity, I can excuse You in any thing you would have me. I value my self so much on the tendernefs of my affection to you, and, methinks, the greatest esteem I bear you, has in it so much considerableness and honour, that I know not any thing can be a greater crime in the world, than to leave you the least shadow of a reason to doubt it.

But how is it possible for you to make a doubt of it? does not every thing persuade you to believe it, as well in your own heart, as in mine? there is not the least negligence in You, but what tells you that I love you almost to Adoration. Love has so well instructed me in the

The First Letter.

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the Art of turning all things to my advantage, that I could even dare you to give in your own Verdict, whether the most cautious and reserved of all my endearments, does not absolutely convince you of the excess of my passion.

Have you never taken notice of this from my obliging temper? how many times more than once and again have I kept in the transports and ecstasies of my Joy, when you have come to see me, because, methoughts, I read in your eyes that you wished I would use more moderation. You have been very much injurious to me, if you have not observed my constraint herein over and over; for that has gone more to my heart, than any thing I ever did for You in all my life.

But yet, I say nothing to you by way of reproach; what matters it, whether I am perfectly happy or no, so long as that which

10 *The First Letter*

Is wanting to make up my Felicity compleat, gives an accession to yours: If you were more solicitous and importune, I should have the pleasurable vanity to fancy I were so much the more beloved by you; but then, you would not be well pleas'd to have it so: You would think, perhaps, I were indebted to you for your kindness; and I pride my self in this, that I am sure you owe all to my inclination: Therefore do not any longer offer to abuse such a Generosity of Love, nor do not go about to contrive how you may divert it, even to destroy absolutely that more than little remainder of affection I yet have for you: but, on the contrary, take example by me, and be you generous in your turn. Let me see you come, and protest to me, that the dis-interest of my tenderness increases yours; that I hazard nothing even then when I really believe

The First Letter. 11

lieve I hazard all, and that you
are as Passionate, and as Faithful,
as I am Passionately and Faithfully
Yours.

The End of the First Letter.

The End of the World

There is a great many people who
 think that the world is going to
 come to an end. They say that
 the world is going to be destroyed
 by fire, by flood, or by some other
 great calamity. They say that the
 world is going to be a place of
 pain and sorrow, and that the
 people who live in it are going to
 be punished for their sins.

But I think that the world is
 going to be a place of peace and
 happiness. I think that the people
 who live in it are going to be
 rewarded for their good deeds. I
 think that the world is going to be
 a place where the good people will
 live in peace and happiness, and
 where the bad people will be
 punished for their sins.

I think that the world is going to
 be a place where the good people
 will live in peace and happiness,
 and where the bad people will be
 punished for their sins. I think
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 live in peace and happiness, and
 where the bad people will be
 punished for their sins.

THE SECOND.
LETTER,

WITHOUT any flou-
rish upon the matter,
you must needs pardon me if I
tell you that the Lady you were
with yester-evening was not at all
handsome, and she danced after
such an awkward and unbecoming
manner, that I protest the sight
gave me a very great disturbance:
her motions were all irregular,
and then her Air, oh! so strange-
ly odd and ridicule, as was beyond
all sufferance. The Count de
Cagne sure had a mind to shew
himself pleasant, or else was ex-
ceedingly mistaken, in his Chara-
cter

The Second Letter.

ster of her to me, for a very Lovely and Beautiful person, when there is scarce a tolerable Feature in all her face. How could you have the patience to hold so long a discourse with her? For I am confident by the remarks I made of her Countenance, that she can have no wit. But what tho'? She was well enough to please your humour, and you thought it worth your while to take up with her company most of the time that the Ball lasted: Nay, You had also the Assurance to tell me, that you thought her Conversation was no ways amiss. Pray now, what did she say that charm'd you so? Did she acquaint you with the Intrigue of some *FRENCH* Lady that you had a Passion for; or was she so Frank as to make an ingenuous break, and tell you, that in truth she was the Fair One who admired you most wondrously? For sure nothing under the delightful Theme

The Second Letter. 85

Theme of Love could give you the patience to hold out with her so tedious and wearisome a Conversation.

For my heart I cannot find any thing so agreeable and pleasant in the New-arrived *French-men*; I am sure I was pester'd with 'em all the evening, and could find nothing in all their pretended fine pieces of Gallantry, but meer empty froth and tittle-tattle: and then the address wherewith they managed their discourses was with such affected and extravagant grimaces, that seriously for my part, I thought them only fit company for Fools and Mad-folks: and if the truth could be known, I believe it was their Idle impertinences which gave me that dreadful fit of the head-ach I had all night long; --- but you would not know I ailed any thing, if I did not tell you so.

I do suppose your Country-men are gone to be informed how that happy Lady finds her self this Morning, after the terrible *Fatigue* she had yester-night; for as I am a living creature I should think you gave her Dancing enough to put her into a Fever.

But with your favour, pray tell me, what is't you see about her that so strangely captivates you? Do you think her more tender in her affections, and more faithful than any other of her Sex? or have you found in her a more present inclination to give you her good wishes, than that which I have manifested to you? I am confident you have not, for that, I think, is impossible; you know as well as my self, that I did but only see you pass by as I stood in the *Balcony*, and from that instant I lost all the ease and quiet of my life; and I presently was sensible of such an alteration in me, as made me utterly

The Second Letter. 17

terly to forget either my Sex, or my Birth; for with an extream impatience did I run to meet the Occasion of seeing you a second time. If she hath done more than this, she must certainly be to attend your rising this morning, and the little *Durino* will without doubt find her sitting close by your pillow. I wish with all my heart she may so for your own felicity, for I am so strange a Lover of any thing that may be pleasing to you, that I could be content to spend my whole life in so grateful a Service, although it were at the expense of all my own peace and happiness: And if you have but the least Inclination to entertain that Fair Object of your desires and Vows with the reading of my Letter, I beseech you do not make the least scruple of it, it is a Sacrifice absolutely at your disposal, to use as you think fitting, therefore do't refuse welcome; you shall please me by

18 *The Second Letter.*

by it, if you do but please your self, what I write to you will not at all prejudice your Love-affairs, perhaps it may advance them.

I am not altogether a stranger in this Kingdom, my name is known by those who have bestow'd their Compliments upon me for being no despicable Beauty, and indeed I have swallowed their Flattery, and brought myself into a Fancy that I might make some pretensions to a good Face, until the moment of your contemptuous rejection disabus'd me.

Propose me therefore for an example to your new Conquest; tell her that I love you even to the degree of being little better than out of my wits for you, I'll joyn with you in it heartily, so it may do you any real service; for I had a thousand times rather contribute to my own ruine by an ingenuous Confession, than deny a passion that

that is so dear and precious to me. Yes, I love you ten thousand times more than my own Soul; nay, at this very instant I am writing to you, I will, and must acknowledg, I am jealous. Your yesternights Carriage hath set my heart all on Fire; and now I do believe you are unfaithful, since, I find, I must tell you all. But notwithstanding all your indifference, I love you beyond what any mortal Woman yet has ever loved Man, though he has proved himself faithful, as Saints are to their Holy Service. I hate the *Marquis de Furtado* mortally, because he was the occasion of your seeing this New-come so Ravishing a Beauty to you: I wish with all my Soul that the Marchioness *de Castro* had been going to her grave, when she was led to the Altar; for it is from that solemnity that I must date all the unexpressible miseries I have indured, and still am sensible of:

I could wish that man in eternal Purgatory who first invented Dancing; nay more, I loath my own self, and I abhor the *French* Lady a thousand times more than all the world beside.

But no body has had so many different Aversions, and yet can say, what I may with a safe Conscience dare to speak, and that is, that not any of them has presumed to reach so far as You; You, in the midst of them all, did ever appear Amiable and Lovely to my eyes. Under whatsoever form I look'd upon you, nay, though it was at the feet of that Cruel Rival, who has been the destroyer of all my Felicity, I found a thousand dazzling Charms in You, to which in any other person but your self I should have been for ever blind. Nay further, I was so immeasurably besotted, that I could not check and keep in those my delightful transports, when I perceived you
took

took notice of them as well as my self; and though I am verily persuaded, that it is chiefly to that good opinion You have of your self to which I am indebted for the losing of your heart, yet I had a great deal rather see my self condemned to all the dreadful torments of despair, than I would so much as desire you one single commendation less than what the Ladies give you. O let 'em go on still, and admire you more and more, my admiration will improve proportionably.

But (alas!) how is it possible for Love to grant so many contrarieties? for I am most sure of this, that never was any Creature breathing touched with greater Jealousie at every thing that comes near you, than my self; and yet for all that, I would go on my bare feet to the worlds end to seek you out new Admirers.

I hate that *French* woman so desperately, that in my Conscience I could be the cruellest Creature upon earth in destroying her, and yet notwithstanding such an extreme aversion, I could with all my Soul wish her the Felicity of your utmost affection, if I thought in the least such a Love could give any accession to the happiness you now enjoy, because I am so passionate a Lover of your satisfaction, Oh! methinks I am raised to the height of all humane blessedness, if at any time I see you but pleased; and if the Sacrifice of all the delight of my life were but capable of procuring the least addition to yours, you should find me never deliberate about the business. Why cannot you say so much as this comes to for me? Ah! if you lov'd me with the same ardour as I do even adore you, how great would both our happinesses be! Your Felicity would make up mine, and
your

your own too would by that means become more perfect.

There is not a Soul in all the world so filled with Love, as mine is to you: None knows how to value You at the rate that I do, for I could suffer a thousand deaths to bring you any quiet and content. If you were able to make your pretensions to any other, now you have been so long used to my tender and uncommon ways of obliging you, I am sure, imagine what you will, you could not be truly happy but with me. I know other Women's kindnesses by the Standard of my own, and though they may make never so plausible a shew of their fondness and affection to you, yet I am too well convinced, that Love has only brought me into the world to be the person that must absolutely doat upon You. Alas! what would become of your morose and unpleasant temper, if it were not

24 *The Second Letter.*

for my easie heart that will comply with it ? I fancy there is Rhetorick in the worst of your looks, and, methinks too, I understand it plainly : but do you believe that any Woman else would play the Fool for your sake like me ? No, no, it is ridiculous to think it, as it is impossible to be done : For 'tis only We two that know how to Love well. We should both of us have broke our hearts long before this time, if our Souls had not been of one and the same composition. Sure now I speak a truth that you'l consent to : but I know not how to go on any further ;--- think the rest, and be you but happy, no matter what becomes of me.

Farewel.

The End of the Second Letter.

THE THIRD
LETTER.

WHAT! and will you be always absent from me? shall this day pass away too, and will you not resolve to come back to *Lisbon*? Pray, consider with your self, and think how long you have been gone; is not two whole days a tedious while with you? I am sure they seem an Age to me: but for my part, I'm apt to believe you have a mind to find me dead at your return, and fit for you to pay me your last duty, in attending me to my grave. Alas! You do but smother the reality of the business, and your pretensions

B 4. are.

are only as a blind to my frailty. Your design was not so much to wait upon the King to see his Ships, when you left the Court, as it was to defend your self from an incommode and troublesome Mistress. I must confess, I am so, even to the last degree; for what should I do else but tell it you, since that you too well know it already?

I am neither rightly pleas'd with you, nor with my self long. If you are absent from me but one four and twenty hours, it is as bad as death to me: and what some other woman, perhaps, would look upon as an excess of felicity, I can scarcely make it out to be tolerable: sometimes I am apt to fancy, that you have no happiness your self, another time I find you so full, that I'm afraid I am not the only person that causes it: and, to deal frankly with you, not any of my highest transports and ecstasies, but what give me cruel displea-

pleasures, if I perceive you do not take notice of them sufficiently. Whatsoever disturbs you, e'en puts me out of my wits: Oh, I would fain see you all confined within your self; that I took up all your thoughts, and influenced all your motions! Examine the insuperable friendship I bear you, and do not make any Sallies, unless you intend to plunge me into deepest desperation.

I will own to you that I am not wise, but the reason why I am not, is, because I am so much in Love. I know very well it would be but reason and prudence in me to sit down and be quiet, now I am writing to you, for you are but two miles off from the town, and it is your duty retains you there; my Brother has been so extreme ill ever since you have been gone, that I could have scarce found so much time as to receive a visit from you: besides, there are no Ladies where

you are, and that ought to be no mean satisfaction to my heart. But (alas!) there are a thousand other thoughts in my head that do almost distract me; so true it is, that a Woman, when she loves to that violent degree that I do, creates to her self Torments out of every thing. Those Arms, those Ships, that preparation for war, all things conspire to make you disrelish the peaceable delights of Love.

Perhaps, at this very instant you are thinking on the moment of our Separation, as a most certain and inevitable Calamity, and therefore now you are beginning to awaken all the forces of your reason and Philosophy, to persuade your heart to resolve on it. Ah! the sight of the most ravishing Beauties in all *Europe* would not be so dreadfully fatal to me, as that of your *Canons*, if it be true, that they can have such an influence
over

over you. Not that ever I would go about to keep you from your duty, for I love your Honour and Reputation a great deal more than my own life, and I cannot but think you were born for a more glorious fortune, than to pass away all your days in idle ease with me: but however, I could wish, this sad necessity would give you as great a horror as it does me: that you were not able to think on it without a bitter apprehension; and how unavoidable soever such a separation must seem to you, that yet you would think it was beyond the power of weak humanity to support, and not die under the shock.

But, my dearest Bliss! let me beg of you not to accuse me, though I do say all this, and fancy that I should be extreme well satisfied to see you under any despair: you should never pour out a tear, but what I would with all my soul dry up;

up, and shed ten thousand for it. I should be the first that would desire you with courage to bear the Oppression, though, at the same time, I think it would rob me of my life, through the excessive violence of my sorrow; nor should I be able to take any Joy in that I was ever born, if I did really believe my absence would deprive you of the least consolation.

What is it I would have then? truly I cannot tell; but this I am resolved I will do, Love you all my life even to Adoration; and I will wish, if it be possible, that you would love me as much. But one cannot wish for all this, without being of consequence one of the greatest Fools in nature: but however, do not you be disgusted at this my folly, for I had never been capable of so much extravagance, had it not been for your sake; and yet, if you will believe me, I would not change it for all the
most

most solid wisdom that ever yet was found in Woman, if it could not be gained without obliging me to Love you less than now I do. I have met with a thousand charms in your wit, & you sometimes have been so kind to tell me, that you have found as many in mine. But I could heartily dispense with seeing those things in us both, for that would hinder the progress of our folly. 'Tis only Love, that ought to have dominion over all the powers of our Souls. All that is within us seems to be made for that end; and provided that be satisfied, I am very indifferent how much my Reason complains.

Have you been of this Opinion since I saw you last? Oh! I tremble with fear, lest you should still have your mind in perfect freedom: But yet, how is it possible that there should be any left you, when all the discourse here is of a War, which is (Oh cruel Stars!)
to

32 *The Third Letter.*

to part you from me? No, for certainly you are never able to be so perfidious. You have not so much as seen a poor common Soldier, but he has fetch'd a sigh from you, and doubtless then, I shall have the pleasure to hear you say at your return, that you have done more for me, who have loved you beyond all manner of expression. As for my part, I will assure you, there is none shall mention me to you, that shall be able to accuse me of any such defect: I am continually uttering such extravagancies, that all who hear me are absolutely at a *Non-plus*; and if my Brother's distemper did not a little seem to bear me out in these kind of Frantick discourses, the servants of the house would really conclude I had quite lost my senses: I must ingenuously own, I am not very much in them: you may be able to judge what disorder my mind is in, by the irregularity of this Letter. But

But I cannot help it, and, in truth, I think, you ought to wish no less; if you would be fully satisfied of the greatness of my affection. The ruines your absence has brought upon my face, should appear more lovely and grateful in your eyes, than if I had the freshest colour, and most beautiful Complexion in the world; and I should think but very ill of my self, if after I have been deprived of your sight for the tedious space of three whole days, the Air of my Countenance should not be strangely altered for the worse: nay, I am apt to believe I should be so angry, as that I should never be able to forgive my self for it as long as I live. But what will become of me, if I shall be forced to lose it for six months together? But why should I talk thus? Alas! there's none shall perceive any change in me then, for I will dye whenever I am separated from you
for

for so long a time, and then will give you my last and sorrowful farewell.

But hold, I fancy I hear a rattling in the Streets, and my heart would have me to believe it is only the noise of your return that makes it. Ah heavens! I can say no more; if it be You, Dear You, that are arrived! — But if I cannot see you come back, I'll dye through my distraction and impatience: for now I feel my pulse to beat so high, that if the hopes I have conceived of your arrival be not at last satisfied with the blessed vision of you, I'm sure I have not many moments more to live.

The End of the Third Letter.

THE FOURTH LETTER.

AND what! will you always be thus cold and languishing? shall nothing be able to trouble your repose? Sure I might find out something that would be powerful enough to move you: what think you, if I should throw myself into the Arms of a Beloved Rival, and you in presence, would not that do the business? I thought I had been capable to put you into an apprehension by dealing otherwise with you, and that I should not stand in need of this last effect of Inconstancy, which notwithstanding, I am almost confident
my

my Love will never let me put in practice. When I was in the Walks, I received the Duke of *Almeyda's* hand, after his first civility of Saluting mine. I was extremely pleas'd with his sitting next to me all the Supper-time: I looked upon him with the most soft and passionate regards I could for my life throughout the whole repast, and which I am fully perswaded you could not but take notice of; and every now and then I was whispering one silly thing or other in his Ear, which you perhaps, might imagine to be some notable business, and wonder too how I had the assurance to do so; and yet for all this, I could not for my soul make you in the least change your Countenance. Ungrateful man! Cruel Creature! how is it possible for you to be thus inhumane, as to have so small a kindness for a person that has so great a passion for you!

What

The Fourth Letter. 37

What, let me seriously interrogate you, have not my fond cares, my endearing favours, nor my faithfulness so much as deserved one minutes Jealousie from you? Can I be so little thought of, and valued by him, who is far more dear and precious to me than my most sweet repose, nay, than my dearest honour? and can he be so dis-regardful as to see me ruine my self without the least passionate concern and horror? Alas! the least shadow of yours sets all my Joints a trembling: You cannot once cast your eyes upon any other Woman, but I am immediately struck with deadly Convulsions; Nay, if you offer to give me your reasons for but the smallest and most common action of civility, as put the case, but to lend a Lady your hand over the Kennel, I am for all that day like a Distracted Creature, raving under the highest extremities of despair: and yet

38 *The Fourth Letter.*

yet you can see me keep up a Conversation with another for a whole evening together before your face, without shewing the least regret or disturbance in the world.

Ah! You have never loved me, I am sure on't, for I know very well what it is to love, and can never believe that any thing so plainly opposite to the passion I have for you can be called by that most Sacred name. What would I do to punish this ungrateful coldness and indifference which you are so guilty of! Sometimes my Rage and madness does so transport me, that I could wish with all my Soul I were able to fall in love with some one else. But how vain and extravagant is such a wish, when in the very height of all my indignation, I can see nothing amiable in this world but you! Yesterday, when your lukewarmness made you lose a thousand charms, which at other times I could discern in you,

you, yet for my life I could not forbear admiring all your wayes; methoughts your very disdains had in 'em an *I know not what* of greatness and Majesty, that was expressive of the Character of your Soul; and it was only of you I whisper'd, when I inclined to the Duke, and laid my head last night so close to his: so little (alas!) do I know how to offend, although, perhaps, I may have the fairest Opportunities for it that heart can possibly desire.

I fancy it would most strangely please me, if I could see you do but any thing that would furnish me with a pretence of giving you some publick affront; but again, now I think on't, how should I be able to do such a thing? my very Choler is only an excess of Love; and at the same time when I am most enraged against you for your great tranquillity and repose, I imagine I could find out a thousand

stand arguments to forbid it me; altho' I did not love you to that high degree of extravagance you know I do. But now my Brother watched us, and the discovery of the least desire you had to speak to me would have ruin'd me for ever: but could not you be jealous, without being taken notice of? I understand every motion of your eyes, there is not any alteration in your Countenance at any time, but what I perfectly know the meaning of, though none of the rest of the company is able to guess at them. Alas! I confess I find Love in your eyes, but yet not such a Love as was proper for that time; there should have been rage, you should have contradicted me in all I said or did, imagined me ugly, and made your close and vigorous application to some other Lady in my presence; in a word, you should have been jealous, since I have given you such apparent reasons to be so. But

The Fourth Letter. 41

But instead of these Natural effects of a true and perfect Love, you are giving me a thousand impertinent Compliments, and are loading me even to oppression, with your Hyperboles of praises; nay, you your self could lend the hand which I gave to the Duke, whenas, if I had been able to have done so by you, and could have given yours to any other Lady, I think it would have struck me with a horror, but little inferiour to that the miserable feel in the other world.

And I knew the time when you were coming to wish me of my happiness in having one of the prettiest and most Jantée sparks of all our Court my Humble Servant. Oh Insensible Creature! is it after this manner you love, and are you no otherwise beloved by me? That I had been capable of imagining you so cold and languid, in your seeming hot and zealous affection

fection before I had loved you at this excessive rate! But what shall one say, though it had been possible for me to have seen all that I do see at this day; nay, if I could have discerned more, I am sure I should never have been able to resist the inclination I had to love you; for that was rais'd at first to so violent a height, that it would have been in vain for me ever to attempt the conquering of it: and when at any time I think on those blessed hours of delight which so dear a passion has procured me, I do not find I am in the least capable to repent of what I have done, or suffered for you.

What should I not do, if I were perfectly pleas'd with you, since my Love now does so transport me, when I have the most reason in the world to pour out all my Fury on you, for being the only cause of those many sad miseries I have indured? But you are too
well

well acquainted with all my different motions: You have seen me satisfied, and you have seen me labouring under grievous discontents: sometimes I have thanked you, and another while I have been telling you: how wretched you have made me; and in either temper of angry passion, or more pleasant acknowledgments, you have still observed me to be the violentest of all women that have ever made the greatest pretensions to Love: and shall not such an unparallel'd instance and Example of kindness provoke you to Emulation? Love me, my Dear Insensible, try to love me as much as you can, as much as you your self are beloved; sure this is but reasonable; sure it is but as you ought to do. I have taken you to be a man of generosity, I have heard you say you do not love to be indebted for any thing, and will you be indebted to me in
C Love?

44 *The Fourth Letter.*

Love? Shall it be known that a weak Woman out-does you in kindness? you are not wont easily to be o'recome.

The Soul has not any delight it can call true and perfect but what consists in Love: the excess of Joy arises from the excess of Passion, and a faint Lukewarmness is much more injurious to those persons that are capable of it, than to those to whom it is shewn. Ah! if you had experienced, as I have done, what a true transport of Love is to the Soul, how would you envy those that have the pleasurable delight of feeling it! I would not, even for the gaining of your own heart, be able to have your tranquillity, your ease, your unconcernedness: I am grown, (I do not blush to own it,) jealous of my transports, as of the greatest blessing I ever enjoyed in all my life; and, to deal frankly with you, and tell you what is in my heart;

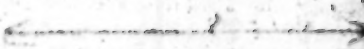
The Fourth Letter. 45

heart; I would rather indure the most dismal condemnation of never seeing you more as long as I breath, than I would see you without the highest ecstasie and ravishment.

The End of the Fourth Letter.

The Fourth Letter.

heart; I would rather endure the
most dismal condemnation of my
verifying you than as long as I
wrote, that I would be your wife.
One the highest celestial reward
mine.



The End of the Fourth Letter.



THE

THE FIFTH LETTER.

WHAT was your reason, I beseech you, to write to me in that manner as you did, was it to try how it would go down with me, or did you really believe I was able to love any other? Patience! how mortally does such an injurious thought wound the delicacy of that affection I bear you! I confess it, I have often had a more than common passion for you, and have loved you to a degree beyond all that ever yet the most Passionate Woman in the world could pretend to. But for you to believe me

guilty of such a Superlative infidelity, for you to give me such opprobrious and unworthy language, for you to wish your self able to persuade me that I should never see you more; these are things insupportable! I have been jealous, 'tis true, and it is impossible for any body to have a perfect Love without Jealousie; but on the other hand, I have never been insensible; I have never had you out of my sight, or memory; but when my rage was most violent, I have still remembred you were the person whom most I have suspected.

Ah! Your Passion, I find is made almost up with errors and defects, you do very poorly understand the ways of Love: None can perceive, or very scarcely, that you have any in your heart; for unless you seriously premeditate, and think before-hand what to speak, you are so dry and barren in
your

your expressions, as you little deserve the name of Love. By your favour, is that heart, which I have so dearly purchased with the price of my own, that heart which I have (I'll dare to say) merited by the infinite number of my transports, and the many instances of my fidelity, and which you have long ago assured me I had the full and absolute possession of; is that heart, I say, capable of offending me in so egregious a manner? how miserable is my condition, and how just would be my complaints!

Your first addresses were no better than meer, downright injuries; and all your Applications, when ever you suffered them to appear unmask'd, were, not only kickshawny and formal, (for that I could have bore withal for your sake with patience enough) but they were open and bare-faced outrages and affronts.— Go—Ungrateful as you are; I will leave you your suspi-
C 4 cions

50 *The Fifth Letter.*

cions as a punishment for your being capable of having any such Frenzies of me. You ought to take so much satisfaction in believing me tender and Faithful, but to doubt of it should prove the greatest torment to you: in that case I could easily cure you, and, to say the truth, the liberty of offending you is a thing too impossible for my repose. But I am resolved to keep you in an error if I can, for that is both an espousing of my Interest, and a revenge too: and if you will believe what I apprehend of the business, all your Conjectures are most just, and I the most unfaithful of all women breathing.

But as yet I have not seen the Man that gives you this troublesome jealousy: and that Letter which you would needs have to be mine, I'll assure you I never write one syllable of it; there is not any proof in the world, but I can submit

The Fifth Letter.

51

mit my self most readily to it without the least concern of fear, if I were but in so good a humour to give you that satisfaction. —

But why should I? I have had no reason for it from You, unless you have deserv'd it for railing so heartily against me: and certainly you would have cause sufficient to conclude me full out as base as you have describ'd me, if your fierce Menaces could frighten me into a self-justification. *I shall not see you more,*

You say, for you will instantly be gone from *Lisbonne*, for fear lest your unlucky Stars should sometime or other make you meet me, and you swear to be the death of the best friend you have, if he should play the fool, and but desire you to make me one poor trifling visit, or be the damned *Judas* to betray you into my company. Cruel Man! What harm have you ever received from a sight of me, that now on the sudden 'tis become so

long

C 5.

in-

insupportable to you? You have never seen any thing in my Face, but what might have been pleasing and delightful enough to you; all my looks, had you but in the least observed them, have been full of a tender passion, ay, and of a most pressing earnestness that you should take notice of it too. And is this such a heinous thing, as to make you leave *Lisbonne* in all haste, that so you might never set eyes of me again? Heavens! Sure some strange Judgment is fallen on me, and I'm become a Monster in Nature, or I should never seem so dreadful a thing to you.

But let me beg your patience a little; if this be all the Reason you can alledge for your going away, in God's name, never stir a foot; for I'll save you the trouble of avoiding me, you shall see, another way that will be full as good, and I'll leave you; for it shall never be said, you met with so importune
and

and troublesome a Woman, that forced you to quit the Countrey for her. My sight hath cost you nothing, unless it were your good nature and civility to let me love you; but yours hath put me to the expence of all the honour, and the quiet of my life: and I'll be as Frank with you too on the other hand, and confess that many a time it hath made up the most perfect delight and joy of it. When I reflect on the secret disturbances that I have felt within me sometimes, when I have fancied I could discern your tread, and the print of your prettly little feet in the walks, what a pleasant kind of languishing has presently run over all my senses; and so likewise if at any time I've been so happy as to meet your regards: but above all things, oh! the unexpressible transports of my Soul, when we have had the liberty of but so much as a moments conversation!

I wonder in my heart how it was possible for me to live before I saw you, and, for my part, I know not how I shall be able to live, when I must never see you more. But, in Justice, you ought your self to be as sensible as I am; I will confess, I have lov'd you, but did you not also tell me, you had as great an Affection for me? And yet, for all this, you can be the first to make the proposition of never seeing me more: The first! --- Nay, I'm sure you must have been so, or else so cruel a proposition had never been started by me. Well, --- however --- you shall be satisfied, --- and I will never see you more as long as I live. But then it will be no little pleasure to me to be able to reproach your ingratitude: and my revenge will seem to be so much the more entire and perfect, as my eyes, and all my ways and actions will confirm my Innocence to you. For it is so pure and unspotted,

spotted, and the base untruth which has been told you, so easie to be confuted, that I would desire no more than one quarter of an hour's discourse with you, to give you a full conviction of your injustice to me, which I am confident would make you most bitterly regret that ever you had committed it. I must confess this thought has so run in my head, that I have been already two or three times just upon the point of coming to you to tell you of it; and I am not able to say, whether it will not bring me to you, notwithstanding all the strugglings I make against it, before this day be quite over; for your unworthy dealing with me is violent enough to captivate all my Reason.

But I have so long pleased myself in studying particularly your humour, that now I believe I am thoroughly acquainted with it, and I know such a rash carriage of mine would

would vex your very soul, and therefore I'll desist. I have evermore observed you to use a most inimitable prudence and discretion in all your measures; you have been more solicitously careful of my reputation, than I have been my self; and sometimes you have been so over cautious, so scrupulously nice in your conduct, that I have thought my self the miserablest Woman under Heaven for it, and you know have oft-times smartly told you of it too. And what would you say to me, if I should commit some indiscretion or other, and so discover the intrigue, and by that means make my self the whole discourse of the Table among persons of worth and honour? I warrant, you would scorn me for it, and never abide me more, and, I'm sure, could I believe you capable of it, I should dye no other death: for let what will fall out, still I would have you give
me.

me (at least) the honour of your esteem.

Make your complaints, speak all the injurious things you can devise of me, betray me how you will, nay, hate me to the death, if it be possible, but oh! never give me your contempt and scorn. I can live without your love, since this love of mine will no longer contribute to your felicity; but I shall never be able to live without your esteem. And I believe it is for that very Reason, that I labour under such an Impatience to see you: for how is it possible that it should be an effect of tenderness? I should be a stark fool indeed to love a Man that treats me in that unworthy manner which you do.

However, I will put the best interpretation I can on your dealing thus with me, and will believe it to be only an excess of Passion, which is the cause of it: for you would not be so furiously transported,

ported, if you were less in love—
 Ah! if I could but persuade my self
 of this truth, how dear to me would
 all the affronts and outrages be
 that ever you have done me! But
 it is not possible for me to believe
 it; no, I will not flatter my self
 with an error that I could yet al-
 most find in my heart to hug, for
 it is very pleasant and agreeable
 to me; but you are guilty; nay,
 though you should not be so, yet I
 would not think otherwise, that
 so I might severely punish you, for
 having given me the occasion so to
 think. I will not, I am resolved,
 stir abroad anywhere all this day,
 where you may be likely to see me,
 and therefore let that satisfy you,
 if any thing can. I mean in the
 afternoon about three a Clock to
 pay a visit to the Marchioness *de*
Castro, who is very much indispos-
 ed, and there I am sure you never
 come, for there are some misun-
 derstandings between you; after
 that

The Fifth Letter. 59

that I will go sit with my Brother an hour or two, and so from his Lodgings to where I am now: I give you this short account of my Travels, because you may the better know how to dispose of your self any where else, with Assurance that you shall not meet with me. In a word, I am resolved to be as angry as you are, and therefore make the best on't, for this is the last Letter you are ever like to receive from me.

Farewel.

The End of the Fifth Letter.

THE

that I will go to with my brother
without a word, and to him his
I shall go to where I am now: I
give you this short account of my
I shall, because you may be per-
the know how to dispose of your
tell any where else, which I do
say, but you shall not have with
me. I am glad, I am obliged to
be so many as you are, and there-
fore make the best use, for this is
the last letter you will ever have
to receive from me.

Yours
Lovel.

The End of the Fifth Letter

THE SIXTH
LETTER.

WHAT? is it possible that I, my self, should write to you, and you to be the self same person you were formerly? By what prodigy of Fate have you struck me with the passion of Love, without giving me that of Joy and delight? I have sometimes seen you full of your addressees, and urgent importunities, as also, you cannot deny; but at other times I have found you as full of despise and troublesome impatience. I have read in your eyes those very desires, which you might always have observed I have been so particularly touched within you. Oh! how burning were they, even to make up my whole felicity! I am

62 *The Sixth Letter.*

as tender and as faithful as ever I have been; and yet, methinks, for all this, I reproach my self for being so cold and unconcerned. It seems you have only put a cheat upon my senses, which has never been able to reach so far as my heart. Ah! how dear do these reproaches which you have drawn upon your self cost me; and how does one days remissness and indifference of yours rob me of all my transports!

I cannot imagine what secret influence of the Stars it is that does so continually inspire me; but if I am indebted to you for any kindness, it is my own Passionate Chancellor that has forced it from you; and I plainly now perceive, there has been more of Artifice and address in all your tender regards than ever of true sincerity and unfeignedness. To be plain with you, this nice delicate way of loving is not always so charming and excellent as some may conclude. I must
grant

grant you indeed, that it does temper the violence of our delights and satisfactions, but then again, it does likewise most cruelly embitter our griefs and troubles. I am perpetually fancying that I see you still in the same distraction which has already given me Millions of deep-fetched sighs. Oh! my dear! my life! my All! never go about to deceive me in this; your urgent importunities, your great submissions are the things which create all my happiness; but they would also awaken all my rage and fury, could I believe I owed them to any thing else than the Natural impulses, and motions of your heart.

I hate all your ways that look studied and affected, and am more afraid of them, than of the coldest and most indifferent temper of all. The outward formal Courtship is a meer trap and snare to catch gross, dull, phlegmatick Souls in

The Sixth Letter.

But one of my particular delicacies
cannot be surprized for shall I be
frank with you, and tell you all
my extravagancies hereupon? Is
not the yesterday excess of your
passion that gave birth to all my
jealousies and suspensions to you
foe'd as if you were quite out of
your senses, and I sought for you
in everything just the Reverse to
what you appear'd. Oh heavens!
what would have become of me, if
I had been able to convince you of
the least dissimulation? I am so be-
witched to you, that I prefer your
passion, to my fortune, to my ho-
nour, nay, to my own life it self:
But I could with a great deal more
ease bear up under the solemn asse-
rations of your hatred, than ever I
could endure the false pretences of
your love. is not any thing which is
Tis not any thing which is
without you that I am so taken
with; no curious lovely face, soft
skin, delicate eyes, pretty hands,
fine

fine shape, just size, jointed air,
and the more powerful influen-
ces of alluring Rhetorick, are able
in the least to affect me; I am for
the strong and Masculine Sen-
timents of the Soul; This has charm'd
that perfectly captivates me, and
who indeed has power to resist it?
Oh! be you as cold as you please,
negligent to an absolute dis-
regarding, nay, be light and fickle
too, if you can; but never be a dis-
sembler. Treason in the case of
Love is the highest crime that can
be committed against love: and I
would a thousand times more free-
ly forgive your unfaithfulness to
me, than I would the pains and in-
dustry you should take to conceal
it from me. You told me yester-
night very great and notable
things, and I could wish all my soul
had wished you had been able
than to have seen your self as I saw
you. You would, I'm sure, have
found your self to be quite another
person,

person, than what commonly you
are. Your Air was far more great
than naturally it is: all the world
might have seen the fierceness of
your passion by the fire of your
Eyes; and yet that too made them
seem a great deal more tender and
piercing: I plainly perceived your
heart was even up at your mouth,
and your Soul ready to fly out at
your lips: Oh! how happy am I that it was

not counterfeit! and, let me tell
you, I know what you are but too
well for my Repose, and it is not
in my power to know you less. The
pleasure to love with all my soul is
a blessing, I will ever own, I hold
of you; to you I am only obliged
for it, and it is not any longer in
your power to ravish it from me:
I am very sensible I shall, nay, I
must, always love you in spite of
my Aversion, and I am sure like-
wise that I shall love you in spite
of yours. These are dangerous As-
surances

gratifies I give you, but no matter, I know you have not a heart to be retained by fear, and indeed I should not take your conquest to be very sure, if I only kept it upon that lock. Though they may be accounted something in friendship, yet Common Justice and gratitude are not sufficient in Love; for there must be inclination. There one must follow the motions of ones heart, without ever consulting the dictates of ones Reason. The very sight of what we love exalts our Souls whether we will or no; at least, I'm sure it does so with me.

- 'Tis not any thing, because I am
used to see you, nor any fear lest
you should be offended if I did not
see you, that obliges me so to covet
your sight; but it is an over-zea-
lous Curiosity which proceeds
from the heart without any Art,
and without reflection. I many
times seek you in places, where I

42 The Sixth Letter.

am certain before-hand I shall never find you. If you can but as much for me, without doubt the instinct of our hearts will so order matters, as that they shall meet wheresoever they are. I'm forced to spend the better part of the day in a place where it is impossible you can ever be. But however, let us give up our selves absolutely to our passion; let us be guided and influenced by our own desires; and you will then quickly see, that notwithstanding our misfortune of not being able to come together, we may not pass away our time very disagreeably.

But it is late, I have had very little sleep for these several nights, and I find my self now somewhat drowsie; yet, I think, were I blest with your dear company, I could keep my eyes open till morning; and this very thought has perfectly waked me, but I will not go on any further, only bid you Adieu.

The End of the Sixth Letter.

THE SEVENTH and Last

LETTER.

I Pray thee, my Dear Soul, if
you have any kindness for me,
let us not any longer keep our
Oaths; it costs us too much to ob-
serve them, and, if it be possible,
whatever comes on it, let us sit
one another just now. You have
suspected me of Infidelity, and you
have expressed those suspicions to
me in a very unworthy and outra-
gious manner, but what of all this?
Do you think I can cease my af-
fection to you? No, I love you
still more than I do my own Soul,
and it is impossible for me to live
without seeing you.

The Seventh Letter.

To what end or purpose do we so voluntarily bring upon our selves these mischievous hours of Absence? Do we need any thing so cruel to whet and sharpen our Passion, or have we not enough of them that are unavoidable of themselves? I am sure, for my part, I account them too many, and I hope you have the same Love, and the same reason to do so too. Come then, and restore to my languishing Soul all those former delights I have enjoyed, by giving me one half days Conversation with you in liberty. You sent me word, that you would not see me, but only to demand my pardon. Alas! you have no need to implore it, I can forgive you without any such trouble: come therefore, — although I could oppress you with your Injuries; — but however come, I conjure you to it, for I'll say nothing: Nay, I had rather see those dear eyes of yours shooting out
fire

are against me, that I would not
see them at all. But alas! I should
not hazard much, if I should leave
that choice to you: for I very well
know, I should see them full of ten-
derness, and burning with love;
they have already appeared so to
me this morning, when we were
in the Church, and I am sure they
cannot be altered as yet: I saw
clearly by them how much you
were confounded at your Creduli-
ty, and foolishness to believe such
things of me; and you likewise
might have seen to what the in-
stances of your pardon would have
led me.

But let us no longer talk of these
things; or if we must speak of
them, let it be for caution that we
commit not the like for the time to
come. How can we in the least
doubt of our Love, since we had
never been in the world but for its
sake? I should never have had the
heart I now have, if it had not been
designed wholly to be taken up

72 *The Seventh Letter.*

with your *Idea*; nor would you have had the same Soul you have, if it had not been given you on purpose to love me; and heaven would never have made us both so capable of love, if it had not been that I should love you as much as you are amiable, and you love me as much as you are beloved. But confess to me without any reserve, (let me beg it of you,) have you felt what I have done, ever since we seem'd as if we had wish'd one another all the evil in the world? for I am certain we never did wish our selves any really, and in good earnest; we have not had the power to be so wicked; the Stars that rule us would not give us that cruel liberty, but shew'd they have had a more commanding Empire over us, than all our foolish peccatiousness, and extravagancy could pretend to! Bless me! how has that forced rage and madness, been my torment? what violence did
 my

my eyes do to themselves, when
ever they seem'd to conceal their
passions and disorders from you?
and what strange Enemies must we
be to our selves, to be desirous of a
moments misunderstanding be-
twixt us, when the affection is ri-
sen to so supreme a degree, as ours
is to one another! My feet are
ready to bring me where I am sure
I must meet with you, let me en-
deavour what I can to the contra-
ry: and my heart, that has got so
kind a heat of favourable inclina-
tions, upon the very encounter of
you, would presently give you an
account of it by my eyes: & when
ever I have made any strong re-
sistance against it, & were resolv'd
they should reveal nothing, I have
felt such secret, piercing shottings
within, as are impossible to be com-
prehended but by those that have
been in the same condition with
my self. And methinks too, you
have had no better fate, I have met

72 *The Second Letter.*

you in places, where I am sure that only chance, and lucky accident could never have brought you; and if I may intrust you with all my vanities, I have never observed so much love and fire in your eyes, as now since you have so pretended that we should never see one another more.

Mercy on our folly! how besotted are we to give our selves all these torments and miseries for nothing! but what did I say? rather how well and generously have we done, in shewing our Souls so fully and entirely! Now I am certain I know all the tenderness of yours, and should be able to distinguish all its vigorous and passionate impulses, from those of all the other Souls in the world. But I cannot say so much of your Choler, or your haughty kind of fierceness; for them as yet I do not understand. I knew very well you were capable of jealousy, because
 120/ 4 C you.

The Seventh Letter.

you loved; but I did not rightly apprehend the Character and way which this passion took in your heart; that was perfect riddle and mystery to me. It would have been a piece of treachery, any longer to have kept me in suspense and doubt of it; and now, methinks, I cannot forbear paying my acknowledgments to your injustice, since it is that alone which has made so important a discovery to me. I have wished you jealous, and have found you so; but from henceforward, do you renounce your suspicion, as I have renounced my Curiosity. What figure soever a lover assumes, there is none so advantageous for him, as that of a happy Lover.

It is a great error for any body to say, that then a Lover is a fox, and stupid, when he is content; those that are not amiable under this form, will be much less so, I am confident, under any other;

My dear Love.

And when they have not wit and
sense enough to make their Advan-
tage of the Character of a fatinist
Lover, it is the fault of their heart,
and not that of their felicity. Oh
wake hille, and come to confirm
my belief of this truth, my dear
Soul, and let me not put you to the
trouble of reading another Letter
from me to beg this blessing, for I
shall write but the same thing over
again. I should not be so in-
capable to record one moment of it
by such a tedious Letter as this is.
If I did not know that you could
not possibly see me at this instant
that I am writing to you. Oh
how pleasurable is it to me to be
entertaining you in this way! I
am not able to prefer any thing to
it, but the greater happiness of
seeing you, and discoursing with
you face to face: there is none so
valuable of the extreme delight I
take in writing to you but my self;
and you do share in that of seeing
me.
But

But alas! I cannot enjoy the time
but with such a suspicious re-
serveness, and careful circum-
spection, that it almost makes me
sick and, whereas I can indulge
myself in the other, when e're I
please. Now, whilst all the folks
in our house are at their repose,
and possibly may think themselves
very happy that they can take it,
I am enjoying a happiness which
the most sweet and profoundest
repose in the world is not able to
give me. I am writing to you, I
am speaking my very Soul to you,
so that you ought, out of good
manners and a grateful civility, to
return and answer it; it Sacrifices
to you its Vigils with its last Im-
patience. Ah! how happy are we,
when we love perfectly! and how
do I pity those who languish in an
inactive Idleness, where they have
absolute liberty. Good morrow,
my dear, the day begins to break,
it would have appeared a great
deal

